

LOST !!

His rest, his temper and his nerve.
Finder restore to
The Editor.

The Evening Blast

What We Can't Bless We'll Blast.

WHETHER!
Unsettled local
thunderstorms.
Hard frost at
Argo Clubhouse.

VOL. 7. No. 1.

TORONTO, FRIDAY, NOVEMBER 24TH, 1911.

PRICE, FIVE CENTS.

GLORY HALLELUJAH!

NEW PARLIAMENT INAUGURATES ERA OF PROSPERITY AND PIFFLE

Gorgeous Scene at Opening Unfortunate Interruptions.

Amid an unparalleled effulgence of splendour, our Ancient Mother in Law of Parliamented started off on another lap to-night. The Wit, Beauty, and Fashion of the Empire (this is you) thronged the galleries of Conflagration Hall, the scene in former days of murderous assaults on harmony, wakefulness, and orthodoxy. A guard of horror, formed of the Wycliffe troop of Boy-scouts, the 2nd Queen's Hall Trifles, and the Neversaw-a-Horse, under the command of Field Marshall, Sir G. M. Brock, was drawn up to the roof to receive the Viceregal party. Promptly at 8, His Excellency, Lord Gibson, Marquis of Regli d'Ordre 9, subsection E, attended by Chief Christie, Post Master General Bradshaw, and Black Rod Robert alighted from the gubernatorial aeroplane, and descending gracefully through the sky light, dropped to the floor between the wearied ranks of Government and Opposition. A great cheer burst from the throats of the assembled thousands as the representative of Majesty ascended the throne, pulled out his loose leaf notebook, and prepared to read the speech from the Throne. At this point affairs were interrupted by the entrance of H.R.H., the Duke of Connaught, who stole stealthily up to the throne and in an audible whisper proposed to Lord Gibson that they swap jobs. Needless to say this base offer was rejected. When the excitement caused by the interruption had subsided, His Excellency again stood up, but it was discovered that the note book had disappeared, and with it the speech. A traitorous spectator was heard to remark that it didn't matter anyway. He was immediately arrested as a German Spy and an emissary of the American Trust Octopus, and was handed over to the mercy of the Registrar (funeral, Monday. No flowers). His Excellency, then rose, and speaking extempore pronounced the magic words, "Let'er flicker," the Speaker walloped the Premier on the ear to waken him, and the mighty Legislative Machine began to chug.

THE GOVERNMENT.

My Darn Opportunity Irwin—Premier and Chief Disturber.

One Drunk Stevenson, J. B.—Minister of Complaints.

Juicy Spud Duggan, P.C.—Minister of Disorder.

Going Some Lloyd, C.O.O.N.—Minister of Music and Discords.

A. Peanut Park, D.A.G.O.—Consumer of Peanuts and Maccaroni.

Hells Venerable Hearst, L.A.T.—Minister of Drybones.

Jingo Pugnacious Ferguson, S.H.—Minister of War and Hobble Skirts.

Ever Whining Moshier, J.A.M.—Minister of Publicity and Printing.

Smash Home (rule) Brown, C.H.A.M.B.—Minister of Womens Sufferings.

Junk Monger Wood, H.I.S.T.—Framer of Constitutions.

To Help Milne—P.A.G.E.

June Grass Bole, H.S.—Minister of Morality and Mangols.

Omnipotent Nonsense Sanderson—Poet Laureate.

Wit? No—McQueen, H.U.M.E.—Minister of Ancient Anecdotes.

OPPOSITION.

Told (U) So Gordon—B(oy) S(cout)

Huge Joke McLaughlin, B.L.(Lyons) O.A.Fuss.

Excuse Me Rowand—U.S. Reciprocity?

Wild Jalaluddin Rumi Beaton—T.U.R.K., T.A.H. A. Bath.

William's (Pa) James Boyd—B.E.E.R.

Just Arrived Scott—F.R.E.S.H.

Sir Woman Hater Gregory—F.B.O.R.

Lang Buidy Campbell—O.A.T.M.E.A.L

Whit a Canny Laird—K.I.P.

Do Flirt Pepler—L.O.V.E.

Raw Haggis Kay—S.C.O.T.C.H.

Gus Clark—A.T.T.E.N.D.A.N.T.

Just Weary McBride—M.I.(lner).

Hydrostatic Radio-active Rutherford, P.R.O.F. J.C.

Jimminy! Hear Clark—B.O.U.R.A.S.A

EXTRA EXTRA EXTRA

A report is current about the rotunda that Ross Stalker '14 was studying in the library. The report cannot be verified; hence little credence is given to such unlooked for news.

LATER.

A representative of the Blast called on Mr. Stalker in the Union, and found that individual exceedingly indignant, "It is just a base and foundationless yarn!" he exclaimed. "That is the third time such a foolish and wild rumour has been started about me. There is not a word of truth in it. I never go near the library. I owe the librarian a dollar; besides the atmo-

sphere of the place is unsuitable for my health."

The Blast is very sorry to have printed such a stupid libel on Mr. Stalker whose antipathy to studies has called forth comments from Principal Hutton.

EFFICIENCY ENGINEER ARRIVES

Progress Promised

The new system of Scientific Management of which we have heard so much, has invaded the Heliconian mount, and is now in full blast at this venerable knowledge factory. The principle of Scientific Study of Efficiency, as readers of this great family journal will doubtless remember, was first applied to the brick-laying trade, and the football profession, and has since been extended to touch the dissemination of Comparative philology and similar high brow pursuits. Our up-to-date, though venerable Principal recently paid a flying visit to Kalamazoo to study the workings of the system at Oshlosh Memorial College, and so delighted was he ("That their efficiency stunt is sure the goods, all right, all right" he remarked to a Blast reporter on his return), that he lost no time in sending to the Carnegie Institute for a waste eliminating expert. This expert, Mr. I. Rushem Driver, arrived here this morning at 8.27 a.m. and immediately got busy. The Blast detailed 3 reporters and 9 stenographers to observe his methods and chronicle his criticisms. His first visit was to the Dining Hall. His verdict on the service and viands was such that we, as a home journal, cannot quote it. He next visited Prayers, and suggested that with proper advertising this neglected function might become a howling success. Electric signs might be placed in the Rotunda to this effect: "Start the Day Right. Prayers, Bright, Brisk, Breezy. Ten Minutes Talk. Don't Miss It. Senate Chamber, 8.50 Come Early and Bring Her."

Mr. Driver then proceeded to a Fourth Year Honour Greek Lecture. This he found hopelessly inefficient and wasteful. Professor and Students were late, Professor had to take time to open one window, shut the door, adjust the fanlight, scratch his ear, rub his nose, find his handkerchief, wipe his spectacles, go back to his room for his book, return, ask for the place, and wait five minutes for the answer. Mr. Driver said that by installing a time clock, and automatic ventilating plant, and a system of mnemonics, or better, still by abolishing Greek altogether, this waste could be almost altogether eliminated. He also visited the lectures in English, Economics, and Phil-

Announcements

Sir H. Rotten Alley, L.S.B. will deliver the 23rd Military Lecture in the Varsity Office to-morrow at 3.30 on the subject of Signalling. An Imperialist's view of Heraldry.

Rev. G. M. Chidley will address the Early Rising Club on the subject of the Psychology of Alarm Clocks and Chafing Dishes, at his rooms, Knox College, to-morrow at 4.30 a.m. The phony orchestra will accompany him with nasal selections from Schnorri's "La Dormeuse."

A meeting of the Morality Censorship Board will be held to-morrow in the Union. Mr. A. E. Swanston will take up the question of the propriety of subscribing to American humorous weeklies.

The Executioners of the Class '12 will meet on Monday to discuss the drawing and quartering of Inter-Year Debates for the coming year.

osophy and found the same time-wasting out of date, archaic lack of system. He will advocate the dismissal of the present members of the faculty and recommend that their place be taken by bright, alert young men like himself and the editor of the Saturday Evening Post.

After the disappointment of the morning, pleasant surprises came to Mr. Driver. He visited the Union and the sight of Chve Carruthers, banging the piano with one hand, playing pool with the other, clog dancing with both feet, studying Plato and the Blue Book with either eye, and carrying on an animated political discussion with a friend downstairs, filled him with joy. It was, he said, a triumph of co-ordinated self sufficiency. He was equally enthusiastic over what he saw across the hall, where the Lit Executive was holding its regular weekly meeting. "The smoothest working machine I've seen," he said. The crowning impression came when he stepped out on the campus and watched the football team practise, "Perfection," he exclaimed. We are sure that this visit of Mr. Driver will be of the greatest value to our University. With fossilized studies abolished, and with more time to devote to the Union, to the Lit, and to Football, we shall be in the van of educational progress, a shining torch to our unprogressive sister universities in the Old Land, Oxford and Cambridge. Progress forever.

According to the revised census taken last week by Mr. F. A. Sheppard, the population of Saskatoon is 101,239, including 197 cats, 2531 gophers, 97,023 real estate agents, and one Methodist Minister.

J. M. Wood "Biographies must not exceed 65 words in length,"—!!!!

The Evening Blast

AN INDEPENDANT SEMI-RELIGIOUS JOURNAL DEVOTED TO THE CAUSE, SOCIAL PROGRESS, AND MORAL REFORM. PUBLISHED WHEN POSSIBLE.

Our Motto :

Magna est Veritas, cito praevalcat.

(Truth is stranger than fiction).

Editor-in-chief, Nec Nunquam Nemo.
Sporting editor, Jack Johnson, (Rough-necks beware.)

Unlike our shrinking and cowardly contemporaries, we, The Blast, believe in truth, the whole truth, and nothing but the truth. We shall never, out of a contemptible regard for the feelings of others, or an unmanly fear of their resentment, hesitate to express our honest opinions of men and things (but not of ladies). We shall never bow the knee to the shibboleths of outworn conventions, nor bury our heads in the sand like the ostrich and butter our opinions with the honeyed hypocrisies of fawning flattery, but rather, like the glorious eagle, renewing our mighty youth, will stand firm against the beating, billous of prudery, prunes, and prisms, and irradiate throughout our University, the life giving streams of Truth.

That '13 Class History

There is an exceedingly modest and worthy young man in the year '13, whom, because we recognize his sterling worth, we are going to show forth to an astonished universe. His name is MacKenzie, and his initials are G.L.B.

Mr Mackenzie—initials G.L.B.—was the '13 class historian for the year 1910-1911. Ah, my friends, what a history he wrote! What sighs, and tears, what gayety and laughter, what eloquence and pathos was not revealed in it! Who shall ever forget its exquisite introduction? How can it be effaced from the memory of '13, that compendium of wit and joy and mirth? With what delicate sarcasm did he lightly touch his friends, how subtly beautiful was his compliment to the ladies! How can we describe his dulcet tones, his modulated and resonant voice, the elegant bow which preceded his reading; the tumultuous applause which greeted his conclusion!

Such scenes as the reading of that class history happen but seldom. All honour to its creator. Come out, Mackenzie—initials G.L.B.—come out, and let an astonished universe do you reverence.

An Appreciation

It ill behooves such an intelligent journal as this to let pass an opportunity for expressing its appreciation of Mr. Paul Goforth. The indefatigable assiduity, and the persistent industry with which this gentleman prosecutes his studies is a trait of character worthy to be held up for the admiration of contemporaries. The darling of the Moderns, the pet of the English and History, the envy, of the General; such is he whose praises we laboriously sing. Nor is Mr. Goforth's genius confined to his intellect. His cheery smile, his light, elastic step, his urbane manner, his thorough knowledge

of sport, his many visits to the Union have well endeared him to his fellow students. The elusive lightness of his manner, and his delicate and unostentatious way of moving from place to place make us regard him as diaphorous as a rainbow and as evanescent as a soap-bubble.

The Ladies

The Evening Blast does not wish to let this issue be printed without expressing itself on a certain subject which is often times avoided in newspapers. It is our privilege to put in words our appreciation of the kindness, geniality, industry, perseverance, equanimity, considerateness and thoughtfulness of the ladies of University College. The ladies of Victoria College are supposed to be quite charming, the ladies at Saint Hilda's to be quite attractive, but the ladies of University College, like Plato and Principal Hutton, are in a class by themselves.

We ask you ladies who are here to-night, to look about you. Look at the ushers, so handsomely set off by their gowns who are doing their best to appear unconscious of the fact that they are being admired. Look at the array of talent on the platform, who are inspired by your presence and use long words for your appreciation. Above all take pity on the army of freshmen and sophomores, who occupy the slanting seats, wretched, forlorn and miserable, who cry to you in the language of the Minneapolis miller, "Eventually, why not now?" But above all things, have nothing to do with a third year General Course Male Student. As a class they are indolent, and inclined to sleep in lectures. In conclusion let The Blast again record its appreciation of the ladies; may they receive three stars in the spring, and write them all off in the fall.

Nov. 24th in History

1912—P. C. Goforth skipped a lecture and played Pool in the Union.
1597—Prof. van der Smissen born.
1908—Senior Arts won Mulock Cup.
1923—H. H. Johnstone took his degree.
1807—H. V. Hearst had nothing to say.
1841—J. R. McClure bought a razor.
1970—Editor of Arbor laughed.
1971—Editor of "Varsity" wrote an Editorial.
1911—Editor of "Blast" said "Thank Heaven."

Things Worth Knowing

A strong solution of Sulphuric Acid will remove warts.

Flour and shoe polish are essential ingredients in the making of a cultured College man.

It is usually well to dress for breakfast as well as for dinner.

If you find your room cold in the morning drop a lighted match into the waste paper basket.

If you are financially embarrassed, ask the Bursar to lend you a tenner. That's what he's there for.

If you want to kill anybody, don't look for the Editor of the Blast, he won't be there.

CORRESPONDENCE

Editor Blast:

Dear Sir:—I certainly think that Mr. J. M. Wood's suggestion that ladies be welcomed to the Lit is a good one and should be supported by all loyal sports. Instead of being like a funeral, Lit meetings would be like a Wake. We have co-education here, and it is up to us to make it a success. Could not the Lit. Executive spend some of that reserve fund in installing cosy corners in the upstairs rooms in the Gym. Hoping that this suggestion may soon become a fact, I am sir:—Yours sincerely,

H. M. TAYLOR.

[We solicit more correspondence on this subject. Could not "Clio" favour us with the views of the ladies.—Editor]

Our Daily Short Story

THE STORY OF FORSYTH.

Once upon a time there was a little boy named Gordon Oliver Forsyth, who lived with his grand-mother, and was very fond of her. One day Gordon Oliver was out playing, and somebody gave him a needle, and he put it in a haystack until he was through playing. Then he couldn't find it, and went home and told his mother.

"You foolish boy," said his grand-mother, kissing him, "you should have put it in your coat."

Another day Gordon Oliver went out playing, and somebody gave him a pound of butter. He put it under his coat, but when he got home it was all melted.

"You foolish boy," said his grand-mother, kissing him, "You should have wrapped it in a cabbage leaf, and carried it."

Another day, Gordon Oliver went out playing, and somebody gave him a little pup. He wrapped it in a cabbage leaf and tried to carry it home, but it escaped. He told his grandmother.

"You foolish boy," said his grand-mother, kissing him, "You should have put a string to it, and dragged it after you, calling out, 'pup, pup, come pup pup.'"

Another day Gordon Oliver went out playing and somebody gave him a loaf of bread. He tied a string to it and dragged the loaf after him, calling out "pup, pup come pup, pup!" but when he arrived home the bread was too dusty for food.

"You foolish boy," said his grand-mother, kissing him, "you should have put it in a basket."

Another day Gordon Oliver went out playing, and somebody gave him a donkey. He attempted to carry it in a basket, and presented so ludicrous a figure that the king's daughter laughed at him.

Now the king's daughter had been solemn a long time, so long a time in fact that the king swore that whoever made her laugh—if a man—should marry her. So Gordon Oliver was ordered to prepare himself for the daughter of a king.

"You dear boy," said his grand-mother, kissing him, "Bring me the salt and pepper for she was preparing for the wedding."

It happened that they owned a pet hen named Salt and Pepper, which was setting so Gordon Oliver went out and slew it, and brought it to his grandmother. So angry was she, that she drove him from

her sight. When the king and his retinue came for the wedding, Gordon Oliver could not be found, so the king and his retinue went away and the marriage was declared off.

Then the grandmother went out to the barn to get some produce, and saw Gordon Oliver in an obscure corner.

"You little rascal!" said the grandmother angrily, "What are you doing there?"

"Be quiet," enjoined Gordon Oliver, "I always have done the wrong thing, so I am trying to be right for once. I am hatching out Salt and Pepper's eggs."

Anticipatory Obituaries

From the Toronto Globe—1959.

It is with great regret that the Globe chronicles the death of Johann Francisco Dales, B.A. D.D.A.B.C.E.D., who passed peacefully away yesterday in bed. Mr. Dales was brought up near Toronto, graduated with celerity from Toronto University in 1913, and returned back to his native heath—a tribute to his splendid courage. Since then, Mr. Dales has lived the life of a gentleman, supporting himself on the proceeds which he extracted while treasurer of the third year. He also drew financial sustenance from his friends, with wonderful dexterity, and thus kept himself thruout his long life with dignity and indolence. It is very unlikely that this country will ever see his like again.

The passing away of the notorious criminal, William Randolph Smith, recalls to mind the famous miscarriage of justice, under the Liberal government of Sir Wm. Parker. Smith, it will be remembered, was accused of doing to death one James Brebner against whom he had long held an ancient grudge. The crime was very revolting. Mr. Brebner was forced to eat some words which had been spoken years before and Smith was accused of the crime. He was clearly guilty, but the jury of professors acquitted him because he made an eloquent defence in Latin and quoted several poems of Sappho. After that Mr. Smith lived a life of great retirement and extreme simplicity, only seeing his friends on Sundays. He was a man of grouchy disposition, and extreme indolence. As he himself said, had it not been for the beneficent and quite influence of his great friend Mr. O.D.S. he would not have gone bad so soon.

Uncle Salt's Corner

We've all been bothered by the tribe who always want you to subscribe. They come around with knowing grin and say "Old chappie," jump right in and come along with us and join, we've simply got to have the coin." If you refuse they say you're tight, but if you pay them you're alright. They tell you you're a good old sport, they taffy you with cunning guile, but cut you dead and freeze and snort, as soon as they have grabbed your pile. They're mercenary wolves and sharks, they're worse than any dog that barks. They'll pry from you you're hard earned rocks and even strip you of your socks. If now a booster howls he's stuck, and tries to touch me for a buck, I'll answer loud and clearly, "No," and up and boot him with my toe.

THE SOCIAL WHIRL

BY OLD TOP.

Mrs. Alkomars Takennin Laidlaw held a charming reception yesterday in the Crypt of the Salle-à-Manger, which was tastily decorated for the occasion with oignons jaunes and verts choux odorants. She received her guests in a pantalon ninou à Touléde with an overdress of spangled grise and a coiffure barbe à quinye entimes, and carried a huge bouquet of platteformes d'Oldlytte. The table was decorated with morceaux de bœuf corne aux choux. A bevy of pretty ouvreuses assisted in serving the Eau de Baie, among whom were Miss Joche Byllynnes, Miss Alix, Marechales, Miss Seedy Donalds, and Miss Greagge Clarke. Among those not present were Thome de Gordonne, Miss Duff, de Bois Miss Winifreda Rylle, and Mrs. Tatee Jeanneret. A silver collection was taken in aid of the Society for the Redemption of '15.

A delightful recital took place to-day (and everyday) at L'Unneyon under the auspices of the Society for the Calorification of the Atmosphere. Signor Pedlew, who looked charming in a coiffure uncutte depuis l'annee dorniere gave a brilliant rendition of Ragge-Temps on the pianola. M. Jacobus Pedcliff executed the very difficult Spring Song Dance, accompanying himself on the organ a bouche. Mr. J. H. Pedley, read charmingly some extracts from his epoch booking, "Mankinds, Moralizings about Me." The reading was followed by a lengthy discussion in which Herr Theronimus Pedtlamber took a prominent part.

Possibly the most delightful informal receptions held during the academic year are those conducted in the library by Mr. H. H. Langton, every morning at 10.50. It is almost unbelievable that more students do not take advantage of this social opening. Students who have availed themselves of this opportunity are loud in the praises of Mr. Langton, whom they deem to be the model of delicate and polished professional finesse.

Mr. J. M. Bullen, '13 received for the first time since his election to the Literary Society last Friday evening in his prettily decorated room in the gymnasium. Mr. B. Bullen was tastefully dressed, in gray striped trousers, morning coat, minstrel collar, large bow tie and tan shoes. He was gracefully assisted by Mr. R. H. Fraser, '12 who poured the tea, by Mr. A. M. Doyle, '13, who supplied the sugar, while Mr. T. Gordon and Duff Wood '12—looking handsome in their best clothes—ably supplied the froth for the Beaton pancakes. Mr. W. R. Smith was an efficient butler.

Mr. O. D. Stevenson wishes to announce to the ladies that he can make no calls after February 1.

The following is the program for the concert to be held on February 29th, 1913, in aid of the Unionist Party.

Song, My Dolly is Dead, J.C. Thompson.
Recitation, How to Fatten Hogs, W. B. Cowan.

Duet, Sing us to Sleep. Messrs. Wilson and Roach.

SPORTING

Senior Arts Win the Fool-luck Cup

FIERCEST STRUGGLE IN YEARS. LIST OF DEAD.

Senior Arts added another gory scalp to their collection when they took their stalwart Juniors into camp to the tune of 79 to 73. Despite the chilly weather a large and enthusiastic crowd was on hand, and the red cheeks of the ladies and the scarlet noses of their escorts lent color to the scene. Reilley's kicking, and the steady, hard work of Taylor McQueen, and in fact all of the team were strong factors in the play. For Junior Arts, Cory, Clarke and Billings starred. The hero of the game however was the Senior Arts quarter (two bits) Tom Gordon. His oratorical efforts were magnificent. Whenever the enemy threatened danger, he cut loose with his flowery vocabulary, and so intoxicated them with the exuberance of his verbosity, that they were rooted to the earth, in astonishment, and permitted McLean to make touch after touch. The deadly effect of his eloquence may be imagined when the fact is considered that every first year man on the team (being unused to fireworks) either went up in the air or got laid out. Professor Al-x-nd-r who inadvertently strayed too near the scene of conflict was so affected at what he considered the foul maltreatment of freshmen, and incidently of the English language, that he rushed on the field and was only restrained by the combined efforts of members of the Betters Club who happened to be present. It is said that the Caput will take measures to prevent a recurrence of such scenes. It is said that the morals of some of the Junior Arts team are injured permanently. (Senior Arts men haven't any. Ed.) Meanwhile the glorious mug rests safely on the Seniors table in the Dining Hall where it fulfils the useful and honourable function of a receptacle for soup.

Recitation, The Old Arm Chair, H. R. Brandt.

Song, Hope Abideth Ever, J. F. Dales.
God Save the Unionists.

The president of the third year is a sad dog. Last year he was a model of industry and thrift; this year, oh, horrible! If one calls him up at 7 o'clock, he's shaving; if at half past seven, he's out. He always takes the belt line, too.

Mr. W. G. Egbert begs to inform Mr. W. C. Parker, that his (Mr. Parker's) conduct the last time he was walking with him is positively disgraceful. To borrow from a friend is a needless encroachment on the privileges of comradeship, but to lend that dollar in turn to Mr. Holmes so that the latter may visit a tonsorial artist, is an indignity which he will not endure. Mr. Egbert wishes therefore to inform Mr. Parker that henceforth he may go to dancing school without him.

"I passed me by the Ladies' Cloak room and I quoth unto myself, 'Vanity, vanity, all is vanity!'" From "Reflections of a Fusser," by J. J. E. Hessey.

LEGAL NEWS

Interesting Breach of Promise Suit

Possibly no event has so stirred College circles to their outermost rims than the trial, now celebrated, of Henry Clifford Martin, '12, before Chief Justice Mavor, on the charge of failing to keep his appointment with a young lady, the plaintiff, Miss X.Y.Z. Obesity.

The circumstances of the case, as brought out in the trial were peculiarly disgusting, and as the counsel for the prosecution said "It is high time somebody was found guilty when I prosecute, or I'll never get a reputation." The lawyer who spoke was of course the celebrated veterinary surgeon, R. H. Fraser.

The first witness for the prosecution was Mr. M. W. Wilson '13, who said he was returning home when he heard the defendant make the date. He knew it was the defendant, because she had called him (the defendant) a stone, which=a rock=a cliff=Clifford, which is defendant's name. He, witness, was returning home from studing with a friend. Never made a date with a girl. Had tried, but deed had never been consummated. Had kissed a girl once, but that was in his first year. He never used profane language except during examinations, and when he miscalculated with a hammer.

The next witness for the prosecution was A. L. Hanna '15. He was out walking for his health. He always liked fresh air; probably because he felt his habits of life would eventually land him where air was confined by stone walls. He heard defendant make date. Also said defendant tried to kiss him, i.e. rather the plaintiff. What he meant was plaintiff tried to kiss defendant. Witness said, defendant said he'd tell Brebner on her. Witness said that his eye-sight was good. Admitted that at times it was prone to exaggerate 100% or so. Witness also said he could lick both lawyers together, but was reprimanded by judge, who told him to keep quiet and wait until his second year when he (judge) would get him.

The first witness for the defense was J. B. Fergusson '12. Loved defendant as a brother. Shared his lunch with him. Knew he would never break a date. Had never done so to his knowledge. Undoubtedly, witness admitted, defendant sometimes took refuge in subterfuges. Also took refuge under the bed once, when land-lady wanted board. She got slats instead. Intermission here while jury sobered up. Then witness could not be found. Discovered that he and prosecuting attorney had gone out for a postage stamp.

Last witness for defence was W. B. Cowan '13. Had been a strong conservative all his life. Had often met defendant who had worked very hard in elections in North York for Sir A. Aylesworth. Understood defendant was already married. Was not married himself. Could not afford it. Was in his third year. Liked it very much. Intended to stay in it. He didn't think much of the jury. He didn't give a hoot for any person. Had lots of money. Two elections in one year. Why shouldn't he? Often went out in a canoe, but always used an oar. Would he have

a slice of bread? He didn't care if he did.

Mr. R. H. Fraser then charged the jury, but could not produce any effect, because one of them had a cane which he used to good effect over attorney's head. The counsel for the defence, Mr. Wm. Reilly, then made his oration. Astonished everybody by stating that it was he who had made the date, and moreover had kept it. Groans from the audience, who could see the plaintiff.

The Jury then retired, and overslept itself. The Judge thereupon addressed the prisoner. It was the very essence of the wealth of nations that fourth year men should not break appointments. That was laid down by Aristotle; he had moreover noticed it while travelling in Asia. He found the prisoner guilty and sentenced him to take the leader of the Unionists down to Bingham's and buy him a collar button. The court broke up amidst great confusion.

Book Refuse

"The Modern Machiavelli," by W. S. Montgomery, with introduction by E. Jay Kay.

This latest novel from the brilliant pen of Mr. Montgomery will be warmly welcomed by a Legion of admirers. The book is deeply tinged with the author's Neo American Plutomotive Philosophy. His hero is an extraordinarily clever and ruthless Egotist, who succeeds in making himself boss of the world by the simple process of dropping poison bombs from aeroplanes on the heads of millionaires and Cabinet ministers, and calmly appropriating their wealth and influence in order to possess the human race, body and soul. To some extent the book is autobiographical.

Political Etiquette, by J. M. Bullen.

Mr. Bullen's little book will be a *vide mecum* to the embryo public speaker. The Amenities of Debate, which too many would-be orators totally neglect, are dealt with very fully. Mr. Bullen's long and varied political career makes him an authority on this subject, and his readers, by following his advice, will doubtless avoid the petty personalities which too disturb the august somnambulism of the Lit.

Hints on Books to Read

Reflections of a Fusser. By J. J. E. Hessey. The thoughtful, philosophical exposition of one who evidently is thoroughly posted on his subject matter.

How to cut Lectures. By A. M. Doyle-Sparling, epigrammatic, diffuse. Invaluable to Freshmen.

Love Lyrics from the Poets. By H. M. Taylor. A collection of beautiful, idyllic verse, by a lover of the romantic and the ideal.

The Great Catastrophe. By G. M. Brock. A short, nervous, spirited account of how the writer's nominee didn't become president of the third year.

Physical Culture. By Murray Mitchell. A neat hand-book on how to fold one's arms gracefully.

The evils of Tobacco. By Harry Wrong. A powerful problem novel, showing the futility of smoking.

Fooling the Examiner. By Robert B. Johnson. A marvellous mystery story

Continued on Page 4, Col. 3.

Arraignment of Perils of University Life

STIRRING ADDRESS AT Y.M.C.A.

On Wednesday evening the Mission study group at the Y was addressed by the Rev. R. H. Fraser, on the "Winning of souls," or "Pulling the innocent lambs into the Old Lit. "Fold." The speaker's activities in this line of missionary endeavour are well known, and his address was a stirring appeal for workers to stem the tide of snares now hanging over the heads of the unwary freshman. He was especially vehement in his attack on election beer and cigarettes. "The emissaries of Satan," he cried, glaring at the Machiavellian figure of Perry Park in the dim background, "are busy with their insinuating appeals to pride, pocket, and prejudice. Their pernicious activity must be checked, or our fair College will again become a prey to the unbridled license of Unionism. We must rise in our might, and putting on the strong armour (*i.e.*, padding) of our platforms—blast the enemy with our cyclones of calorific atmosphere." A collection was taken up, to help in the work of the campaign, and the meeting closed with a hearty rendition of that grand old anthem, "Old Lit, Old Lit, Boom Rahree." The meeting next week will be addressed by Dr. W. N. McQueen, M.A., D.D., subject: "The Scientific Spirit and the Old Lit. Heresy."

Peter Coddles

Once upon a time there used to be a delightful little game called Peter Coddles. The manner of playing it was as follows. Little cards with phases written on them were turned face downwards in front of the player, who read from a little book a story of the incidents befalling Peter Coddles. Every little while there was a pause in the reading, which was filled by picking up one of the cards and reading the phrase. The humour of the whole game lay in the irrelevancy and absurdity of the phrases. But we here appear an example, the phrases within the dashes indicating the phrases on the cards while the rest is the story as read from the little book.

Mr. Mel Brock called a meeting of—some choice spirits—and gathered them—under his wing—for a consultation. He mounted—the wings of hope—and addressed them. His object he said, was to—do his duty—by himself and his class and he therefore thought that—every little movement—should be begun by him. He therefore suggested that—everybody else—should accept his nominees for office and ordered—his dear friends—to work for them. The matter had to be voted upon, and Mr. Brock who was—cocksure of success—and who was—doing some talking—worked very hard for votes. But the result was—yip i-addy-i ay—for the other side who—were champions again—and Mr. Brock and—his devoted servants—felt very bad and said—by Jove—that they were very much disappointed. However, Mr. Brock stated with—a strong current of air—that the next time he should be also ran—.

We commend this game to our readers.

Tales of the Tape

Stock—Characteristic—Tendency
Classics—Dull—Oxford
Greek and Hebrew—Bullish—Heresy
Orientals—Frisky—Lethal Chamber
Moderns—Attractive—Frivolity
English and History—Heavy—High School
Modern History—Wobbly—To be plucked
Political Science—Strong—Deterioration
Philosophy!—Steady—Theology
Mathematics and Physics—Involved—Long hair
Physics—Watered—Lines of Force
Biological and Physical Sciences—Giddy—Political
Physiological and Biochemical Sciences—Unsafe—Destructive
Biology—Poor—To use Father's Notes
Chemistry and Mineralogy—Wavering—Lunacy
Geology and Mineralogy—Speculative—Wild Cats
Household Science—Doubtful—Dining Hall
Physiology and Household Science—Weak—Sheas
Commerce and Finance—Inflated—Pride
General—Struck off Lists as being not fit for investors to consider

The following report is from our New Market brokers—Fraser, Wood, Gordon and Patton.

Market closed strong, generally. Morning prayers very weak. General Course greatly augmented. Undergraduate's Union Stock is practically unobtainable. Rugby stock still high. Both Old Lit. and Unionist fluctuating. Goforth trying to corner the market. Third year class fees low owing to smooth work by executive. Fees office deserted, as is also library. College sermons, so—so. Registrar's office still impregnable. Panicky condition of P.S. and C. and F. owing to essays. General intelligence, low. Great rush to receptions.

Fiction One Hears About the Halls

Yes, I studied last night until 12 o'clock. That was my sister.
I am going down town to meet my mother.
No, I never dance.
I haven't missed a lecture this year.
I am very fond of Latin.
I simply would feel lost without the Varsity.
I will pay my class fee next week.
I am going to sit in the grand-stand, but I am going with father.
I am going to work after Christmas.
Saint Beuve is a charming writer.
I worked all afternoon in the library.
Practical Geology is really beneficial.
I haven't been in the Union for a week.
The third year president never calls on a lady friend.
Just where is Shea's New Theatre?
I never took anybody home from the reception.
It is quite proper one should pay a 50c. fine for keeping a book out too long.

Our University Song Competition

We have long felt the need of a real University Song, a lyric outpouring which should express our deepest thoughts and emotions respecting our beloved Alma Mater; which should represent the feelings of us all toward our University. Both the "Pride of the North" and the "Blue and White" were deficient in many ways. Accordingly, The Blast, with that public spirit for which it is noted, decided to offer a prize of Thirty Cents, (\$0.30), for the best University Song. We shall ask our readers for their opinions of the lyrics submitted below, which are the pick of the lot. Lack of space,—and other considerations,—prevent us from publishing the rest.

The first is an attempt from some Scientific Orpheus. It shows admirable force and spirit:—

Andante Maestoso—Air. Hail, Hail.

Al—Al—ma Mater dear
You're a peach you betye
Nothing ever frets ye
We love you like we love our beer
Old Toronto Varsity.

More chaste and subdued in language and thought is the following noble anthem from a Knox man, smit with the divine fire.

Con molto espressione—Air. Old Hundred.

Assemble round the sacred door
And loudly chant Toronto's praise.
She is our Mater evermore,
Our intellects she'll never phase.

Her old gray tower feasts our eye
Her old brown bean soup fills our tums
In mirth we lift our voices high
The home of all our country's bums."

Mr. H. V. Wrong, our most esoteric University College follower of the Nine, sends us this:

Presto. Scherzando ma non troppo.—Air. The Rosary.

Oh dark grey tow'rs in ivy dressed
Oh saffron glowing lab. chimney
My heart thuds thickly 'neath my vest
Old Varsity, Our Varsity.
Oh wearied round of discourse missed
Oh.....

(Ed. Note—Printer's devil overcome. Had to stop here.)

Hints on Books to Read

Continued from Page 3.

showing how the hero progressed in educational institutions.

Girls Who Have Met Me. By H. L. Nicholson. A series of short sketches of exciting episodes.

The Man who came Back. By Henry Johnson. Being the thrilling story of Bob McBurney.

Books Received.

Billiards and Pool. A Low Church View, by W. H. Gregory.

Myself and the Universe.

The Art of Hirsute Adornment, by V. C. Gordon.

Adventures of a Modest Man, by N. J. McLean.

Sandwich Making, by T. S. Gordon.

The Problem of the Freshette, by F. R. McCannel.

Baedecker's Toronto

No visitor should ever leave Toronto, without visiting the celebrated University Library Wax-works. In this building is shown the wax figures of famous students in characteristic attitudes, sitting at 11 wax tables, studying wax books.

At one of the tables in the centre of the room is the particularly famous figure of Wm. Reilly. He is shown seated, one arm thrown negligently over the table, the other hanging carelessly, with graceful ease, beside him. His eyes, large and clear, are fixed with a vacant stare, on the wall. A closed book is before him, also some essay paper and a fountain pen which is dry.

A little further up the room is another triumph of wax moulding. A figure of inordinate length is seated, one foot on another chair, the second foot on the floor; the arms are sprawled on the table, the head sunk on the chest, eyes closed in blissful repose. The whole face indicates indolence and aversion to work. The tag attached shows figure to be G. O. Forsyth, and notes that it is a very characteristic attitude.

Immediately across the room is another striking effigy. It is sitting upright, head high, general poise, full of dignity, elbows pointing out; thumbs in arm-pits. Closed book before it. General appearance of having absorbed all knowledge. The catalogue gives it the name of J. M. Mitchell.

Beside it is a figure bent over the table earnestly studying the shorter catechism. Glasses on eyes, smile on face, as if reading a joke. Very handsome countenance. Catalogue calls it J. F. Hinds.

At table next to it is a figure huddled up in a chair. A wicked grin on its face. No books before it, evidently not there for work. A glance at the catalogue shows it to be G. G. Harvie.

Beside this figure is one leaning back in negligent ease. Hair gray, face smooth as a baby's. Eye Opener before it. Catalogue calls it John Collins.

Away at the further end of the room is a particularly famous moulding. This figure is huddled into a chair, shoulders rounded, hands holding a book which eyes are voraciously reading. Face expresses deepest attention to subject matter of book. This figure is M. W. Wilson.

At a table across the aisle are two other well known figures. Both lean back in the chairs, both hold book up allowing edge to rest on table. Both combine industry with ease. Both faces are handsome and particularly attractive to females. These figures are Setterington and Shulman.

But the most famous of all, the greatest triumph of wax art remains to be described. Two immense figures sit at opposite sides of the same table. They are leaning towards each other. Their hands are grasped, their visages are irradiated with broad smiles, the sparkle of joy is in their eyes. They are sharing a joke between them. This famous pair is Messrs. McBurney and McLaughlin.

There are other well known figures to be seen, but the above are the most conspicuous.